

JEFF SMITH



# BOWE

WITH  
TOM SNEGOSKI



TALL TALES

 SCHOLASTIC

## ACCLAIM FOR JEFF SMITH'S



*Named an all-time top ten graphic novel by Time magazine.*

*"As sweeping as the 'Lord of the Rings' cycle, but much funnier."*  
—Andrew Arnold, *Time.com*

★*"This is first-class kid lit: exciting, funny, scary, and resonant enough that it will stick with readers for a long time."*  
—Publishers Weekly, *starred review*

*"BONE is storytelling at its best, full of endearing, flawed characters whose adventures run the gamut from hilarious whimsy . . . to thrilling drama."*  
—Entertainment Weekly

*"Jeff Smith's cartoons are irresistible. Every gorgeous sweep of his brush speaks volumes."*  
—Frank Miller, *creator of Sin City*

*"Jeff Smith can pace a joke better than almost anyone in comics."*  
—Neil Gaiman, *author of Coraline*

*"I love BONE! BONE is great!"*  
—Matt Groening, *creator of The Simpsons*



## **PRAISE FOR ROSE**

Prequel to the epic *BONE* saga

***"ROSE is a magnificent prequel to Jeff Smith's BONE."***

***—Neil Gaiman, author of Coraline***

***"I love Charles Vess's art so much that I'll buy anything he illustrates, but his collaboration with Jeff Smith on ROSE has really upped the ante."***

***—Charles de Lint, award-winning fantasy writer***

***"[Vess's] artistry sizzles under his vibrant coloring, which is what really makes the book shine."***

***—John Hogan, [GraphicNovelReporter.com](http://GraphicNovelReporter.com)***

# **TALL TALES**

OTHER **BONE** BOOKS

*Out from Boneville*

*The Great Cow Race*

*Eyes of the Storm*

*The Dragonslayer*

*Rock Jaw: Master of the Eastern Border*

*Old Man's Cave*

*Ghost Circles*

*Treasure Hunters*

*Crown of Horns*

*Rose (Prequel)*

*BONE Handbook*

# BONE

## TALL TALES



BY **JEFF SMITH**  
WITH **TOM SNIEGOSKI**

COLOR BY **STEVE HAMAKER**



An Imprint of

 **SCHOLASTIC**

New York Toronto London Auckland Sydney Mexico City New Delhi Hong Kong

Copyright © 2010 by Jeff Smith.

Some of the chapters in this book were originally published in the comic book *STUPID, STUPID RAT-TAILS* and are copyright © 1998, 1999, and 2000 by Jeff Smith.

All rights reserved. Published by Graphix, an imprint of Scholastic Inc., *Publishers since 1920*. SCHOLASTIC, GRAPHIX, and associated logos are trademarks and/or registered trademarks of Scholastic Inc.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without written permission of the publisher. For information regarding permission, write to Scholastic Inc., Attention: Permissions Department, 557 Broadway, New York, NY 10012.

ISBN 978-0-545-14095-9

ISBN 978-0-545-14096-6 (paperback)

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Cover and interior artwork by Jeff Smith

Text by Jeff Smith and Tom Sniegowski

*Harvestar Family Crest* designed by Charles Vess

*Map of The Valley* by Mark Crilley

Color by Steve Hamaker

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1      10 11 12 13

First Scholastic edition, August 2010

Book design by David Saylor

Printed in the United States 113

***I dedicate this book to the memory of Gran'ma Smith,  
who used to tell me some whoppers. – J.S.***

***For Jeff and Vijaya . . . Thanks so much for  
sharing your toys with me. – T.S.***







# CONTENTS

SMILEY AND THE BONE SCOUTS - - - - - 1

WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY JEFF SMITH

- TALL TALE #1 -

POWERS THAT BE - - - - - 7

WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY JEFF SMITH

- TALL TALE #2 -

BABY JOHNSON BONE VS. OLD MAN WINTER - - - 17

WRITTEN BY TOM SNIEGOSKI

ILLUSTRATED BY JEFF SMITH

- TALL TALE #3 -

BIG JOHNSON BONE VS. THE COBBLER GOBBLER - 28

WRITTEN BY TOM SNIEGOSKI

ILLUSTRATED BY JEFF SMITH

- TALL TALE #4 -

THE LOST TALE OF BIG JOHNSON BONE - - - - - 41

WRITTEN BY TOM SNIEGOSKI

ILLUSTRATED BY JEFF SMITH



# BONE

WHAT DO  
YOU THINK,  
BARTLEBY?

I THINK  
IT'S  
PERFECT!

ME,  
TOO!

C'MON OUT, BONE SCOUTS!  
WE'RE MAKIN' CAMP  
RIGHT HERE!

OH,  
BOY!

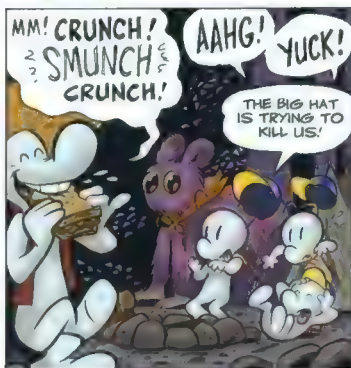
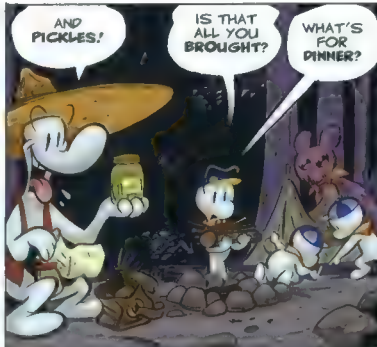


# SMILEY AND THE BONE SCOUTS

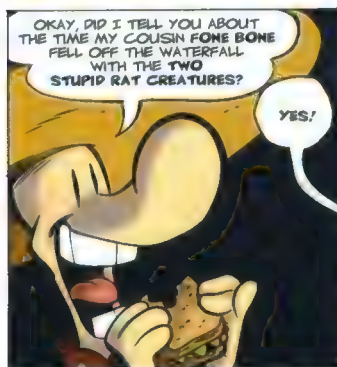
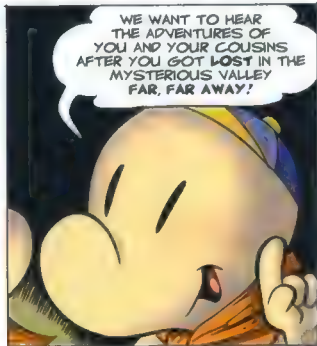




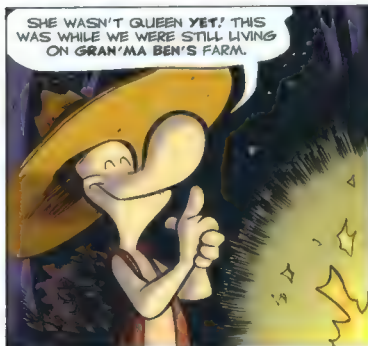
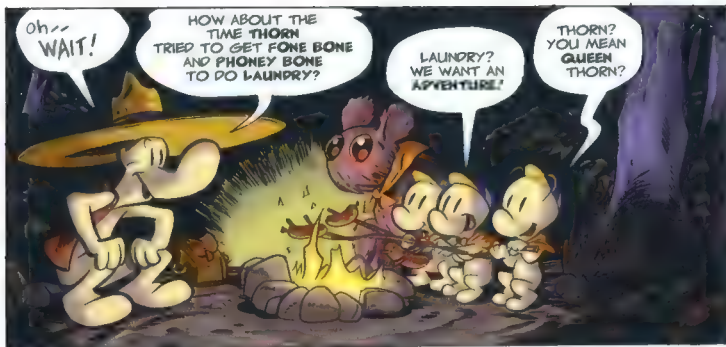
# TALL TALES

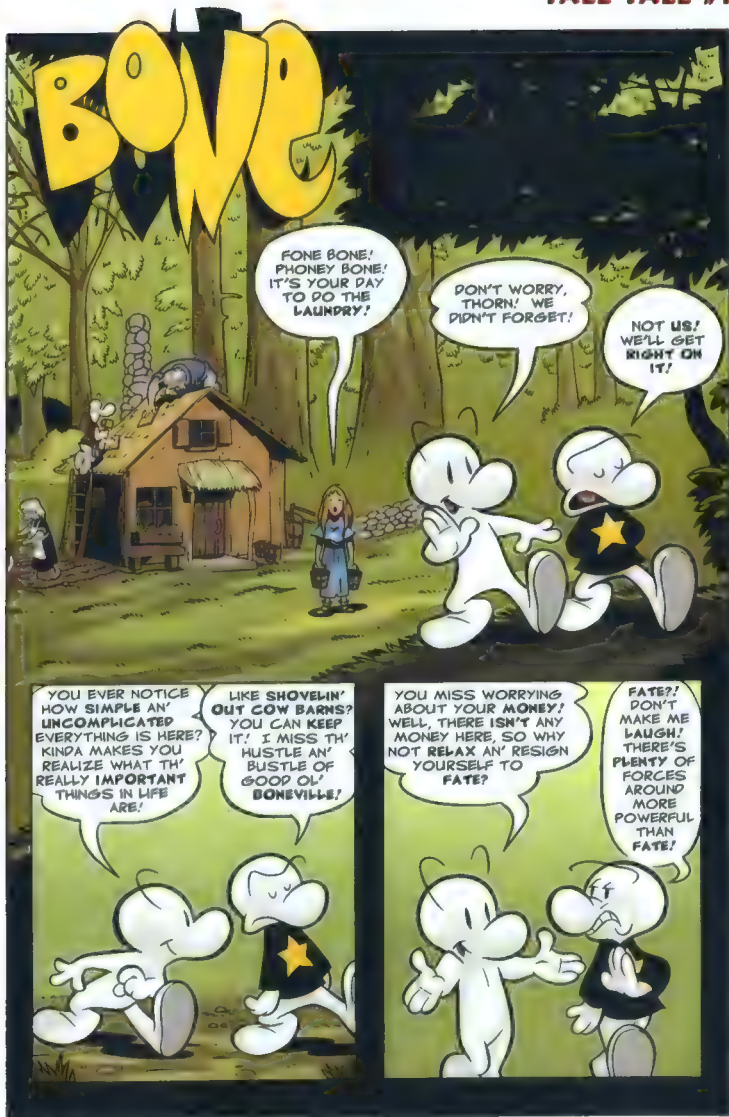


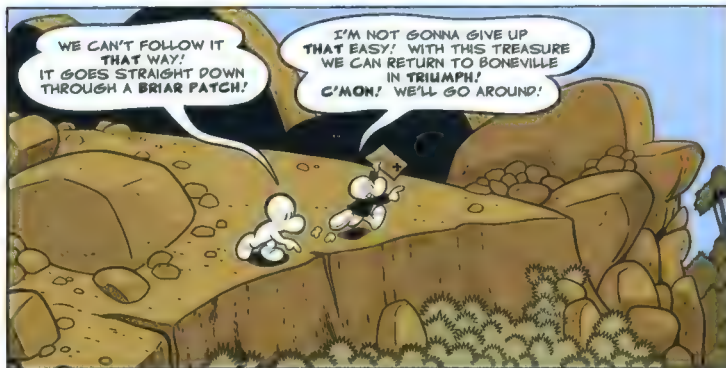
# SMILEY AND THE BONE SCOUTS

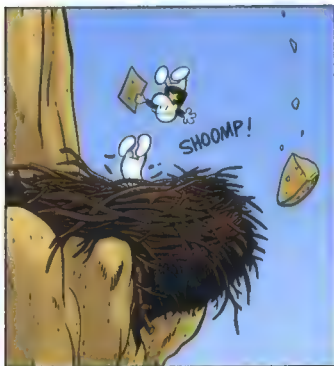




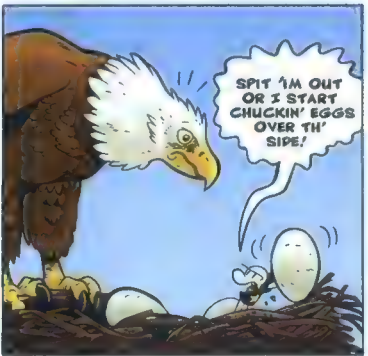


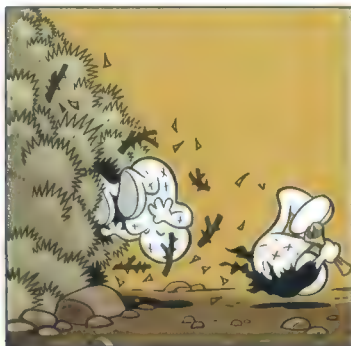
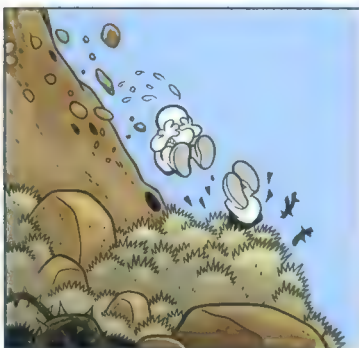


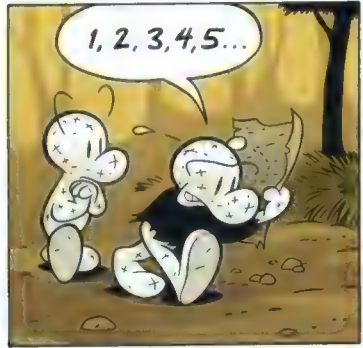


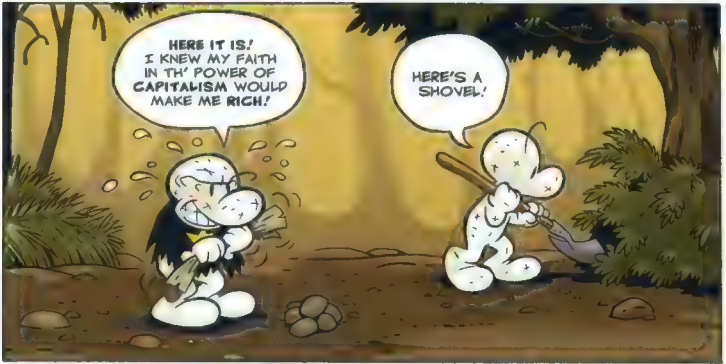






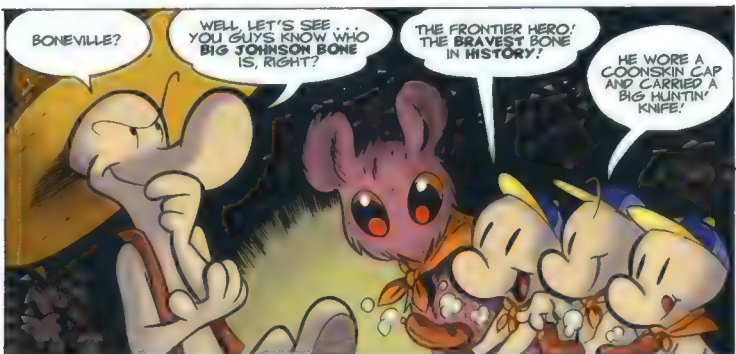


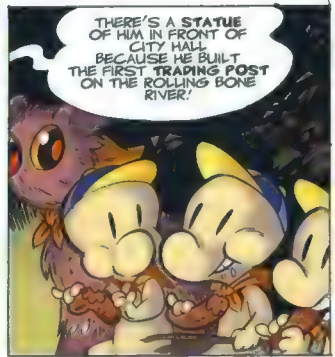
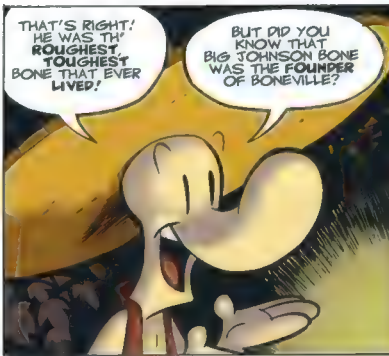













BABY  
JOHNSON**BONE**


VS.

OLD MAN WINTER




IT WAS ESPECIALLY COLD THAT YEAR, AS IF THE SEASON OF ICE AND SNOW WAS TRYING TO TEACH THE SETTLERS A LESSON.

WINTER WAS THE MEANEST OF THE SEASONS, READY TO TAKE YOU IN ITS ICY GRIP AND YANK THE WARMTH RIGHT OUT OF YOUR BONES JUST TO PROVE HOW TOUGH IT WAS.

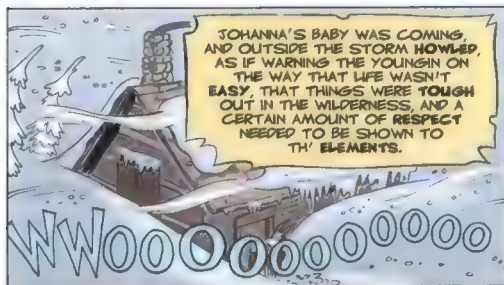
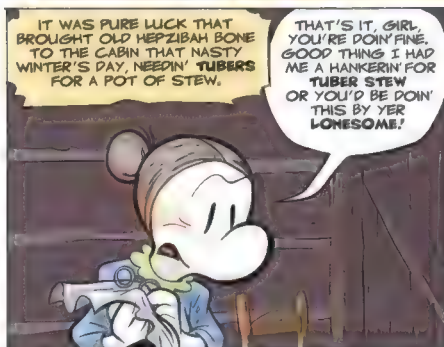
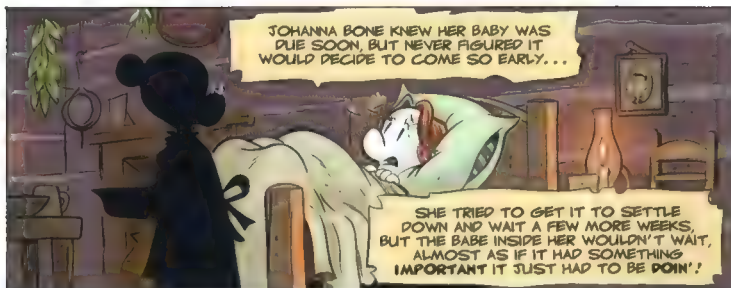


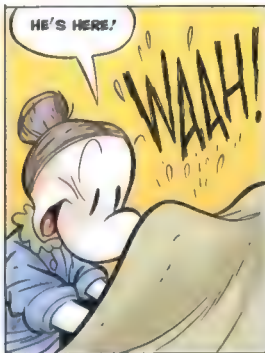
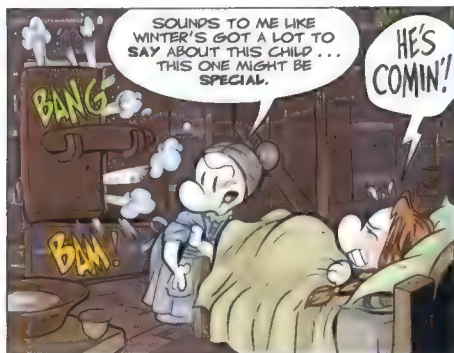
YEP, WINTER WAS TOUGH, BUT SOMETHING SPECIAL WAS ABOUT TO COME ALONG THAT WAS EVEN TOUGHER.

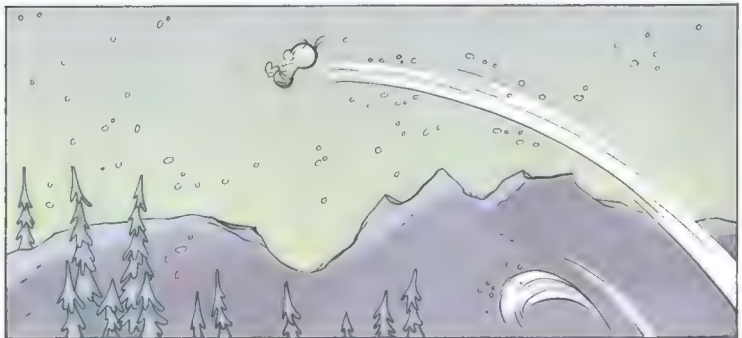
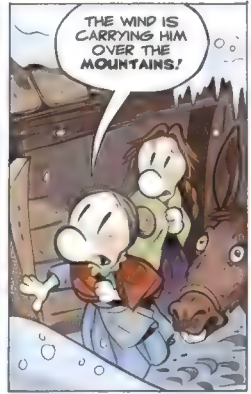
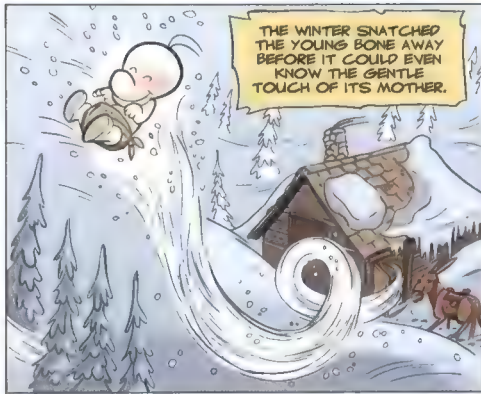


STRANGE THING WAS, WINTER SEEMED TO SENSE A CHALLENGE COMIN', AND DIDN'T CARE ONE LITTLE BIT.

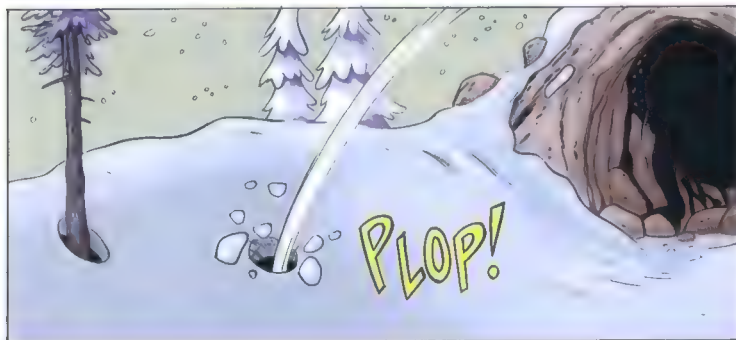
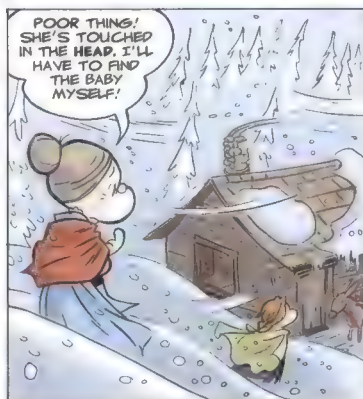




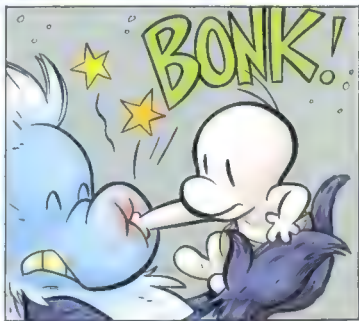
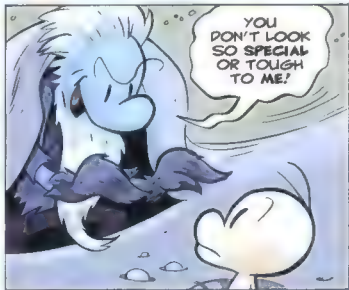
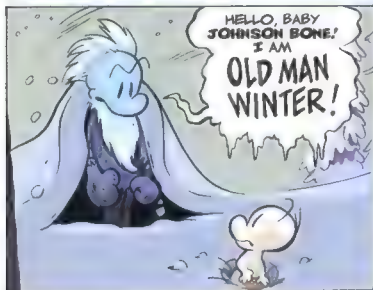
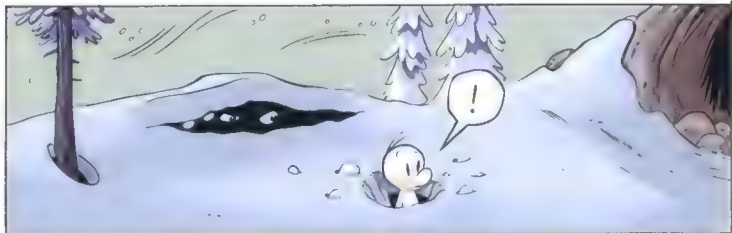


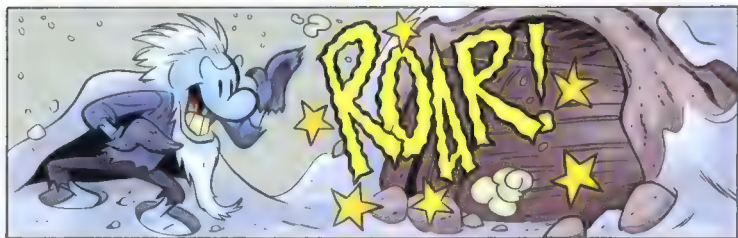
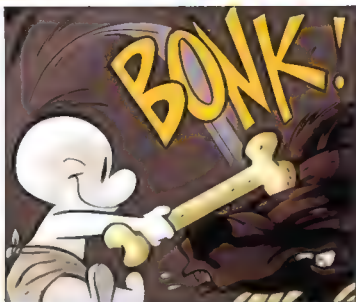


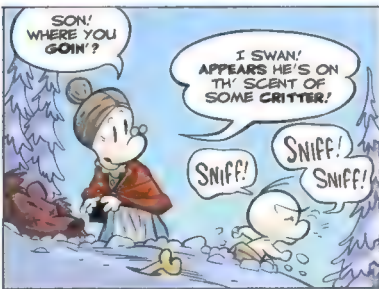
# BABY JOHNSON BONE VS. OLD MAN WINTER



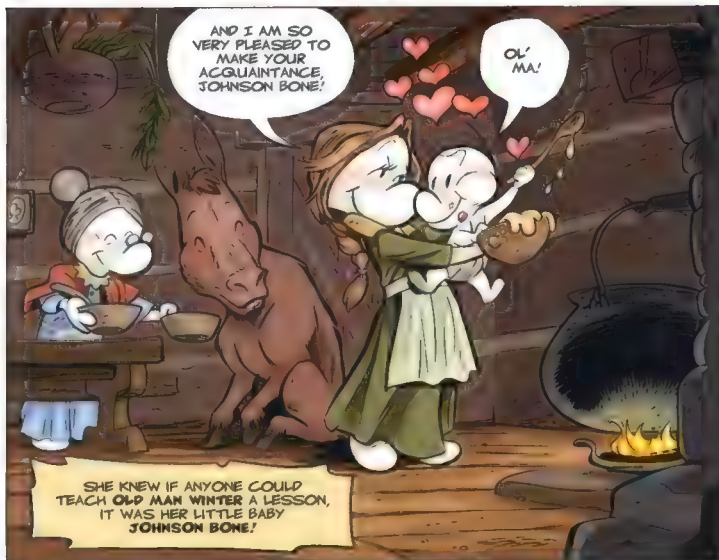
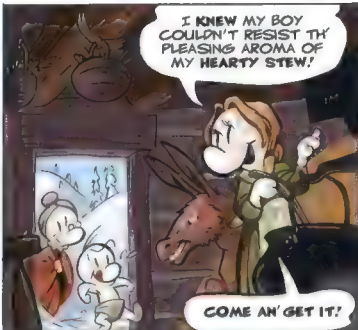




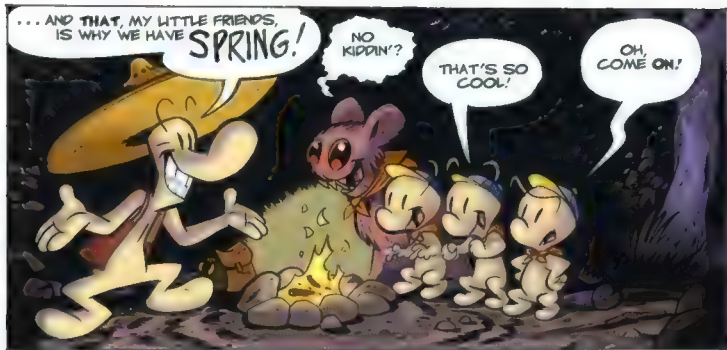


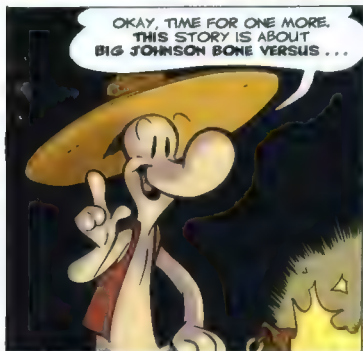


# BABY JOHNSON BONE VS. OLD MAN WINTER









BIG  
JOHNSON

VS.

THE  
COBBLER GOBBLER

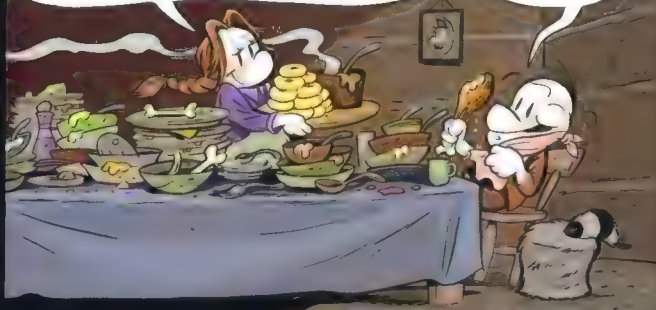
BONE

IT WAS THE LATE SUMMER OF HIS FIFTEENTH YEAR, AND BIG JOHNSON BONE HAD AWAKENED BRIGHT AND EARLY ON THAT BIG DAY, UNAWARES OF JUST HOW BIG IT WAS GOING TO BE.

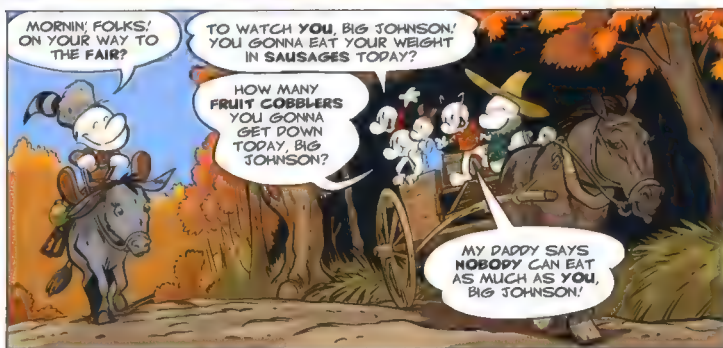
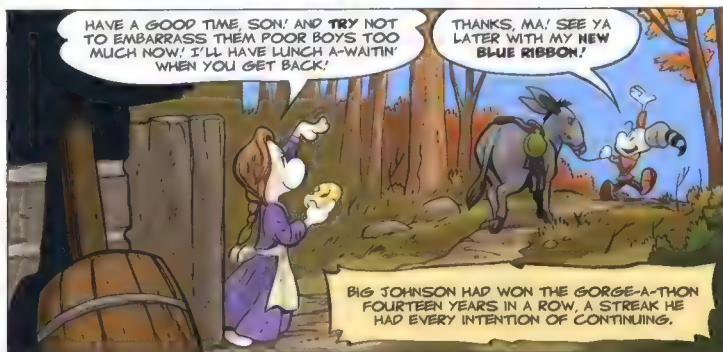
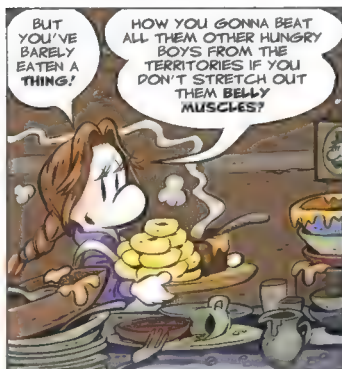
IT WAS THE FIRST DAY OF THE BONE COUNTY FESTIVAL, THE DAY ON WHICH THE TERRITORIES' BIGGEST EATING COMPETITION WAS HELD.

I'VE GOT ANOTHER FULL BATCH OF FLAPJACKS ON THE GRIDDLE, THREE POUNDS OF BACON WAITIN' TO BE FIXED, AND A TURKEY THAT SHOULD BE JUST ABOUT DONE.

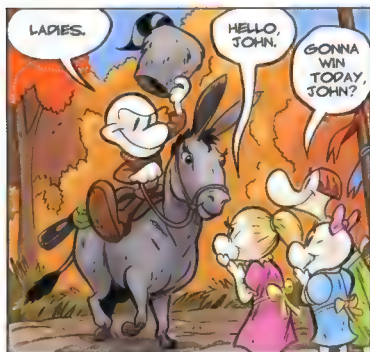
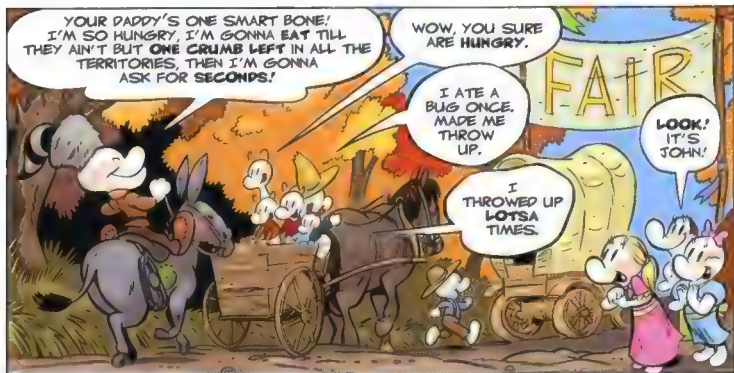
THINK I'M GONNA PUT A CORK IN IT FOR RIGHT NOW, MA.



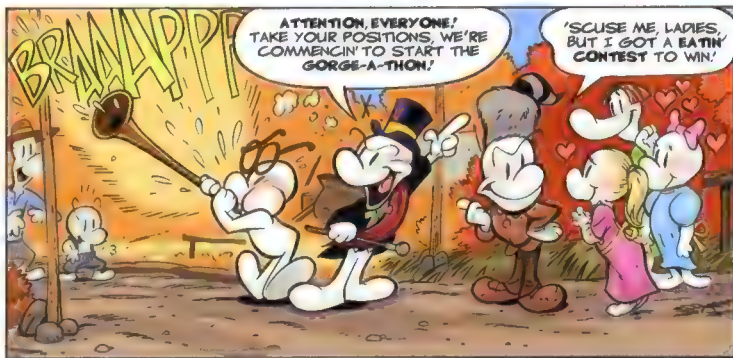
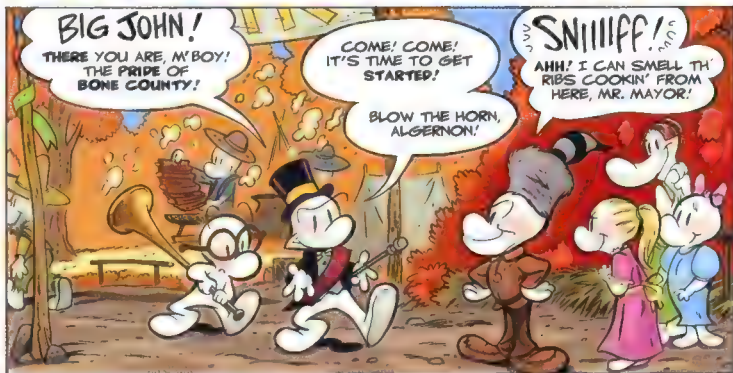
# BIG JOHNSON BONE VS. THE COBBLER GOBBLER

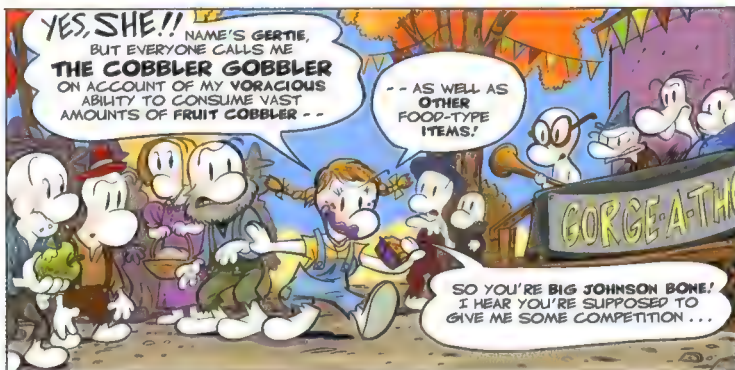




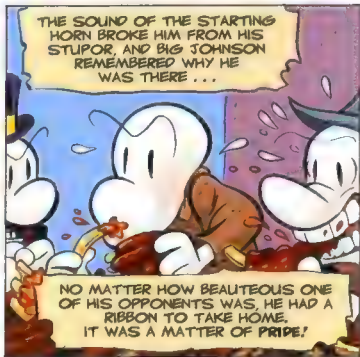
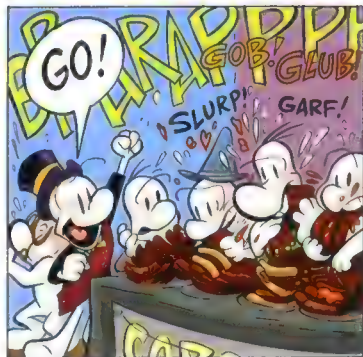
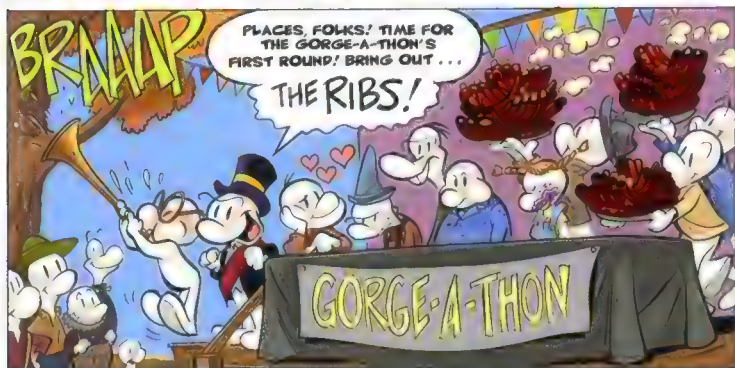
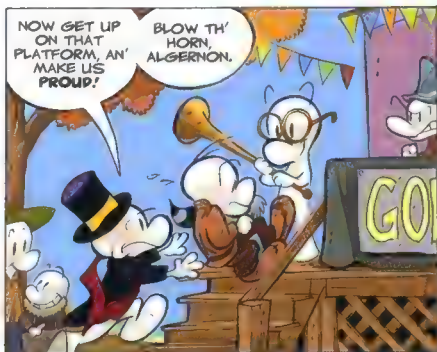


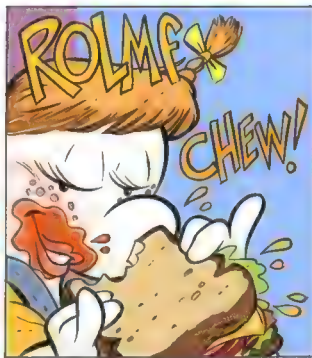
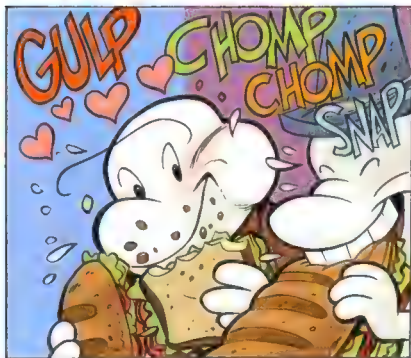
# BIG JOHNSON BONE VS. THE COBBLER GOBBLER



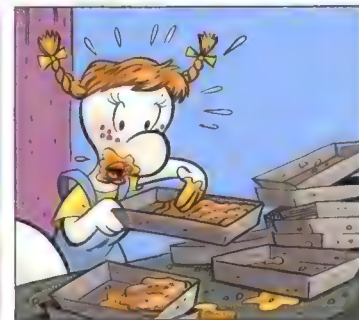
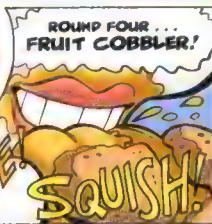
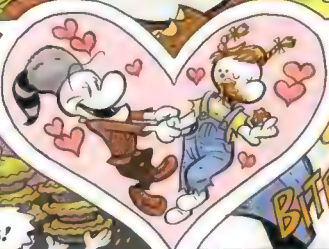
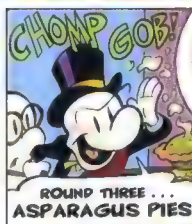
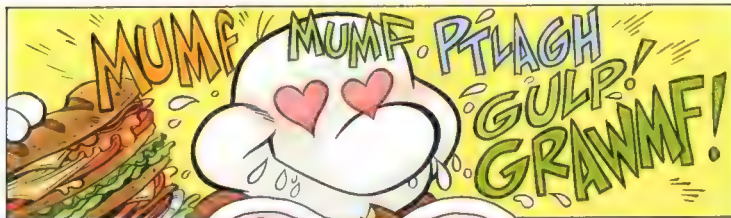


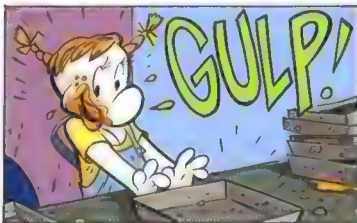


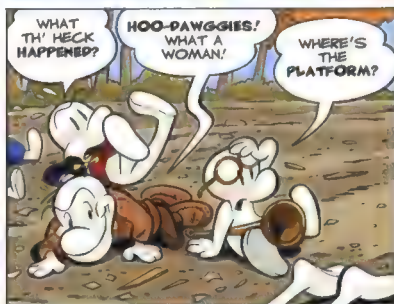
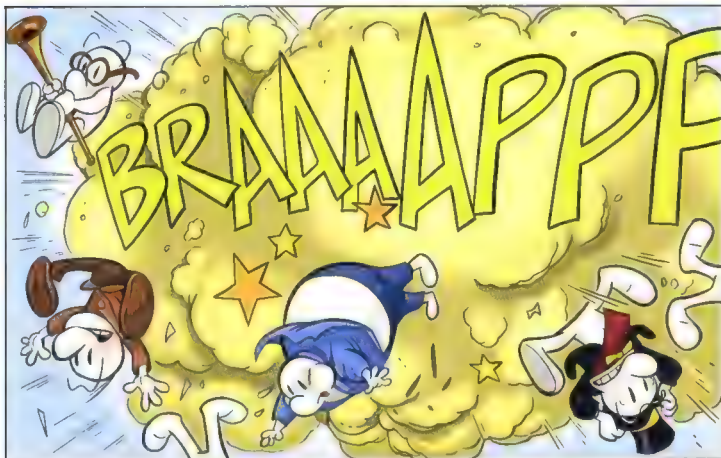




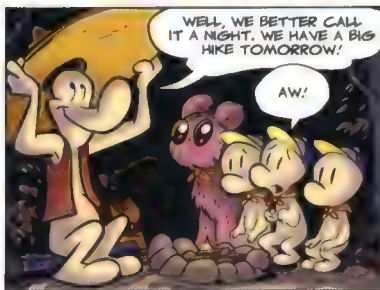
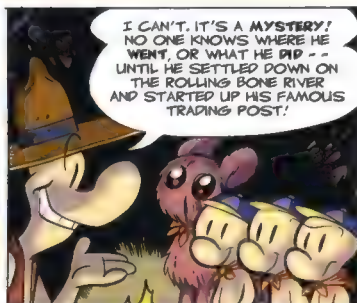
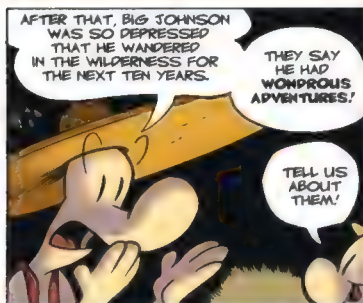
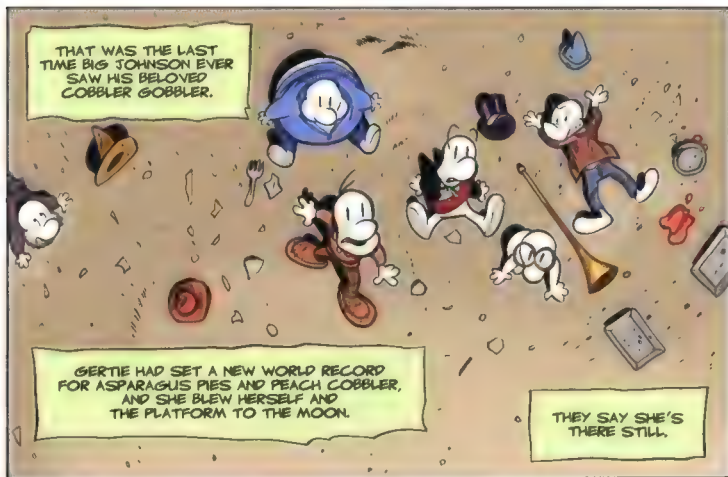


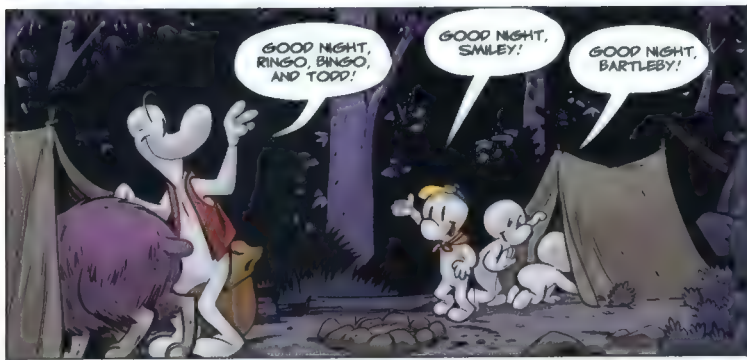




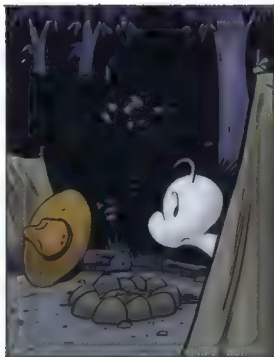












The Lost Tale  
of **BIG  
JOHNSON**

# BONE

IT'S TH'  
DANGEROUSST THING,  
REALLY ...  
I NEVER KNOW  
WHEN IT'S GONNA  
BE HITTYN'  
ME ...

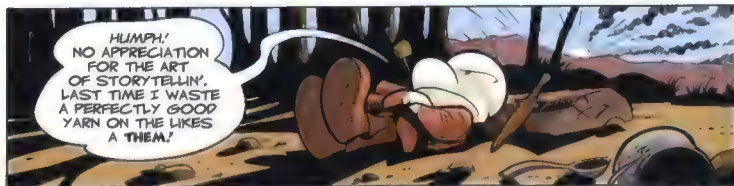
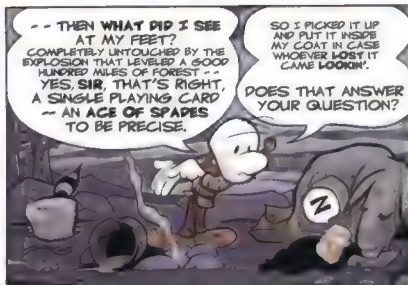
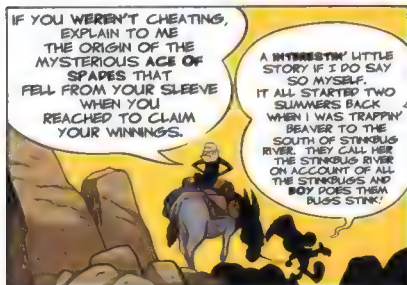
... SOMETIMES IT  
COMES OVER ME  
SO FAST I BARELY  
GOT TIME TO  
PULL ON MY  
DRAWERS ...

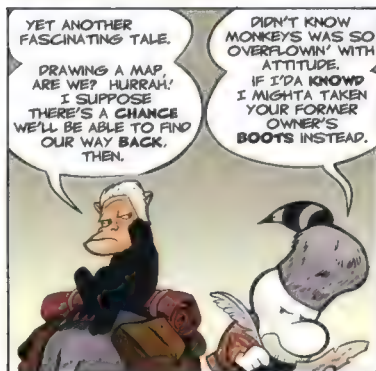
IT'S THE CALL OF  
ADVENTURE, MY FRIENDS!  
I HEARD HER CRY JUST  
THE OTHER DAY ...

SIGH.

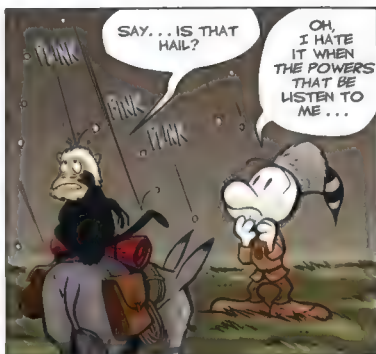
**BIG JOHNSON BONE**, SHE SAY,  
I'M A-WAITIN' ON YOU! AND  
BEFORE I KNOWS IT, I PACKS MY  
BAGS AN' HITS THE TRAIL TO  
FOLLOW HER SWEET, SWEET,  
SIREN SONG!

ACTUALLY,  
IF I'M NOT  
MISTAKEN, YOU  
WERE RUN OUT OF  
TOWN LIKE  
A DOG.

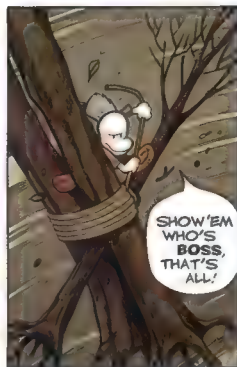
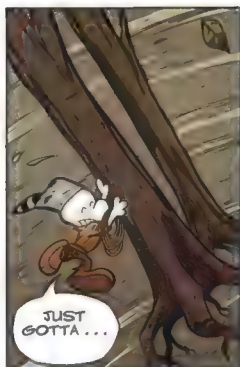


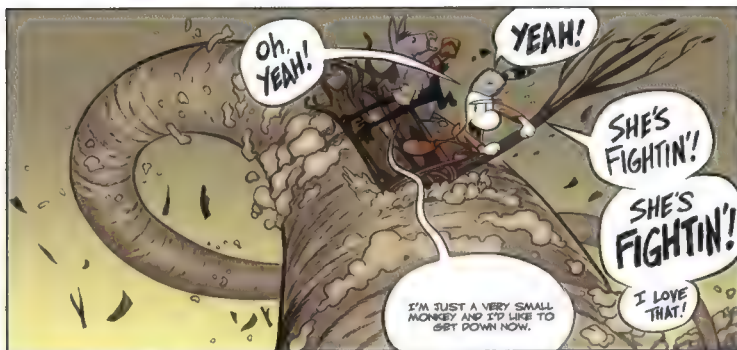




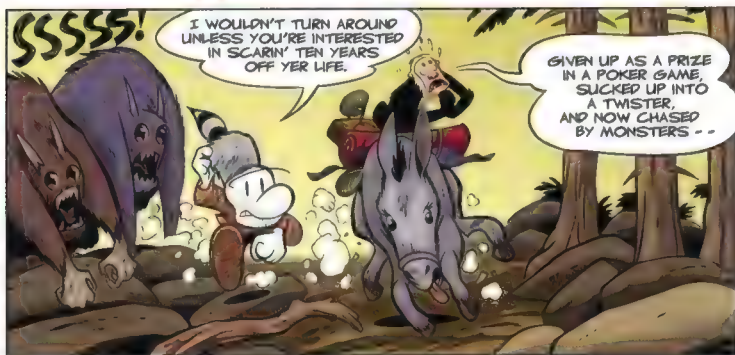




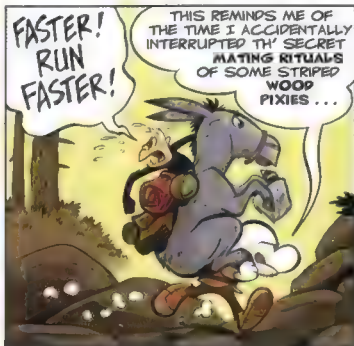




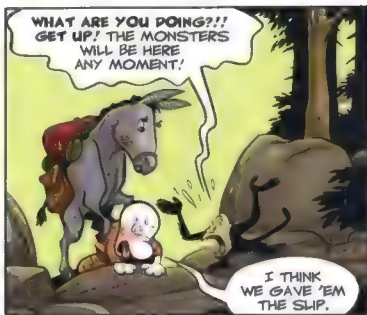
# THE LOST TALE OF BIG JOHNSON BONE







# THE LOST TALE OF BIG JOHNSON BONE

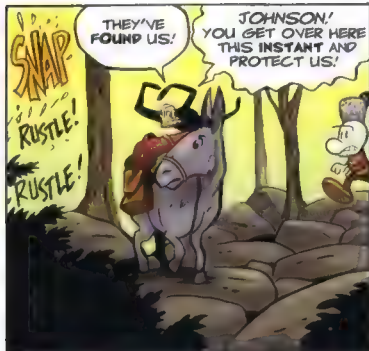


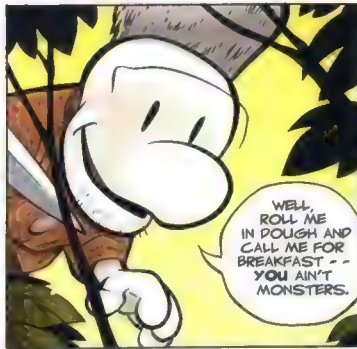
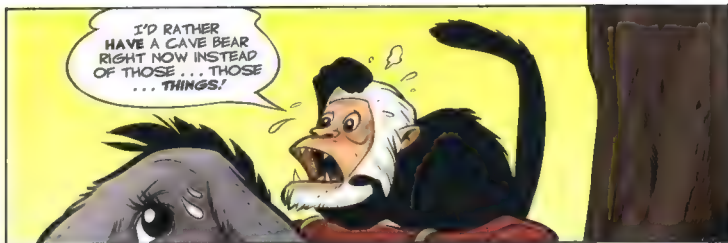




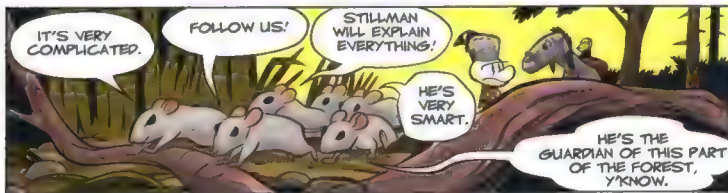
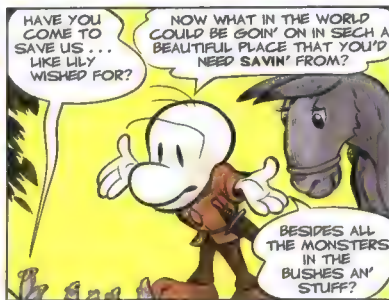
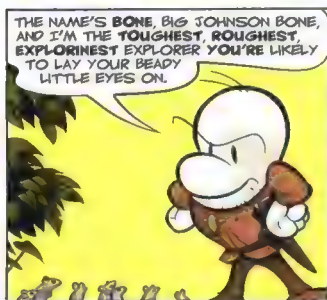
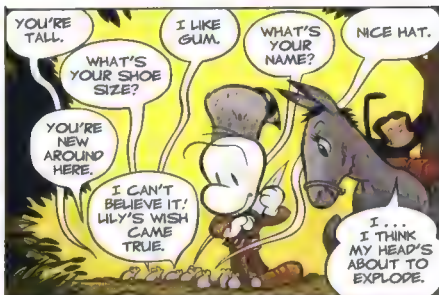
CAN'T SAY I HAVE  
THE FAINTEST IDEA  
WHERE WE ARE, MR. PEP...

BUT WHEREVER IT IS,  
IT SURE IS PURTY.

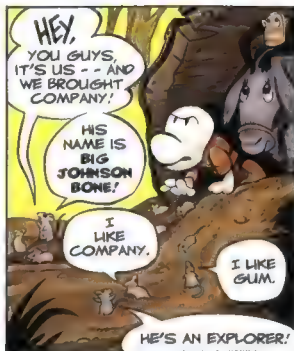
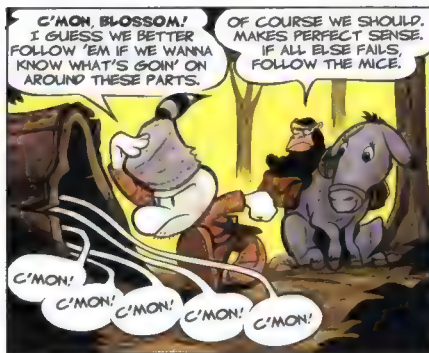


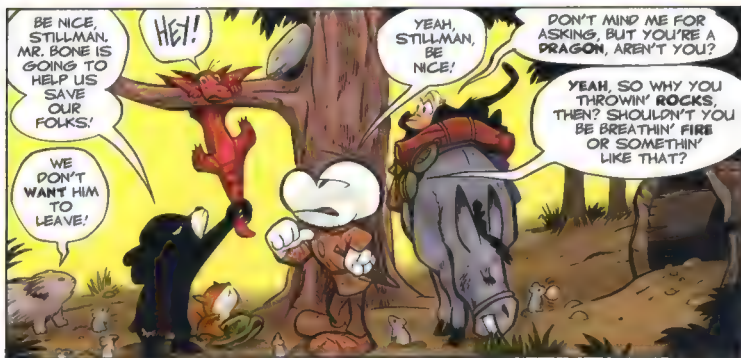


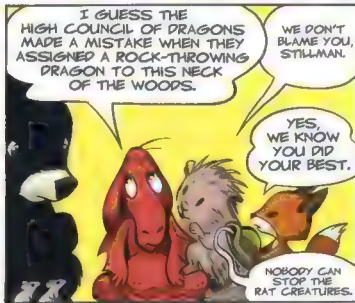
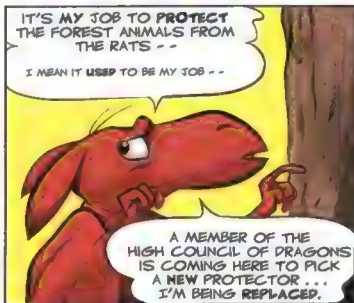
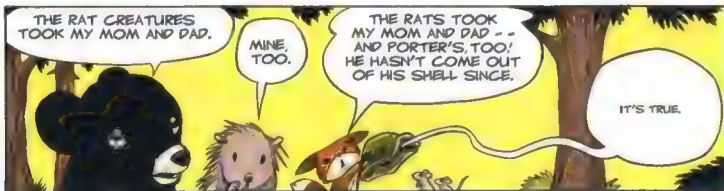
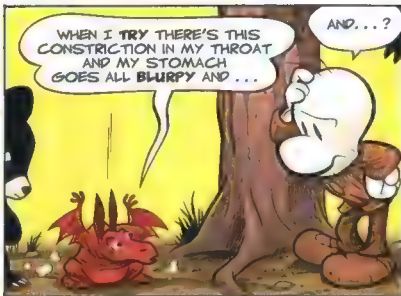
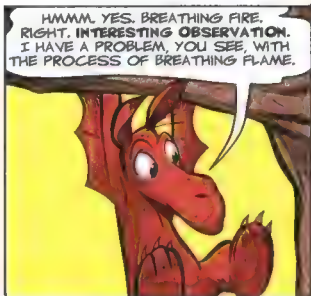
# THE LOST TALE OF BIG JOHNSON BONE





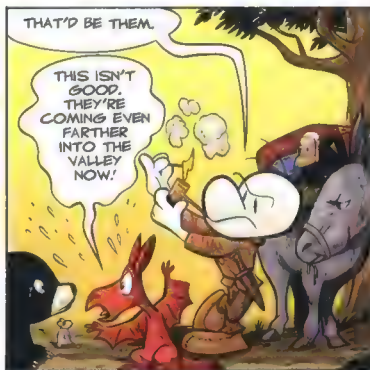
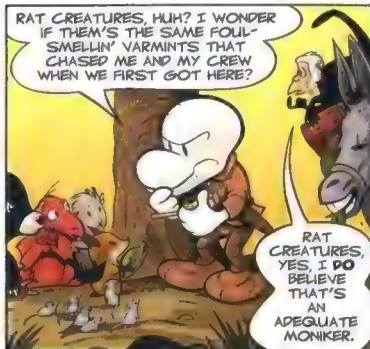




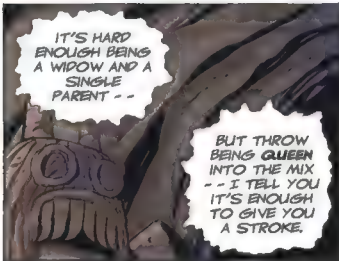




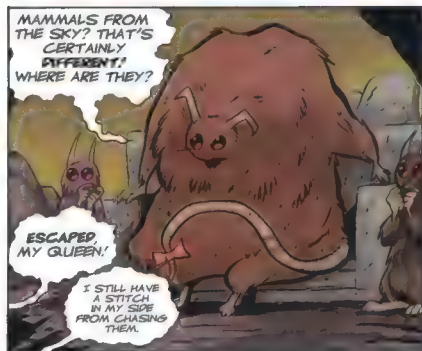
# THE LOST TALE OF BIG JOHNSON BONE

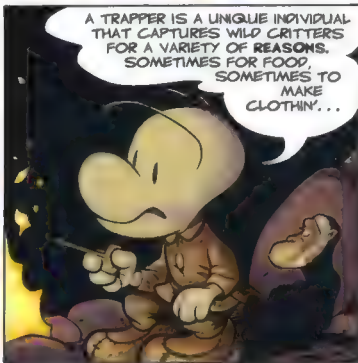
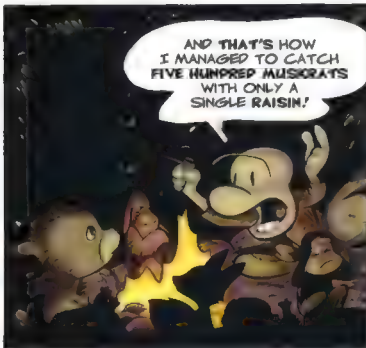


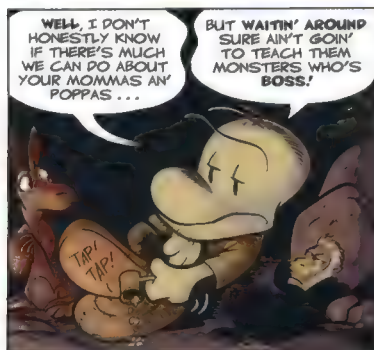
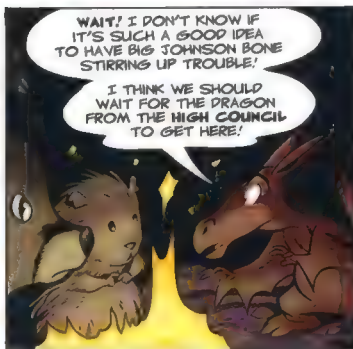




# THE LOST TALE OF BIG JOHNSON BONE



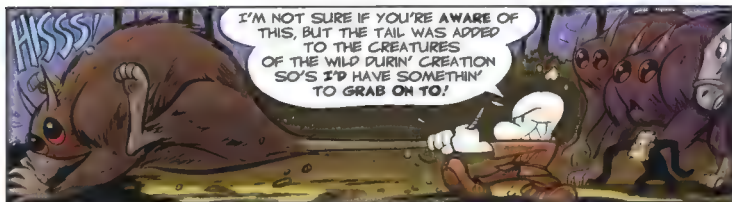












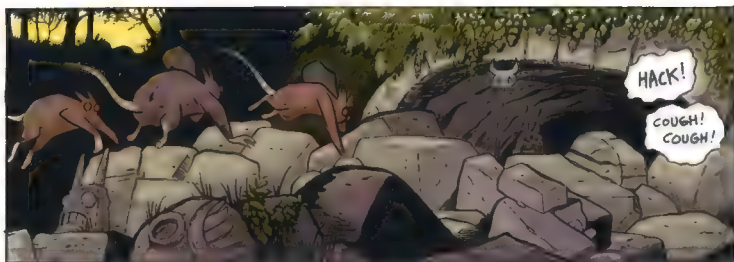






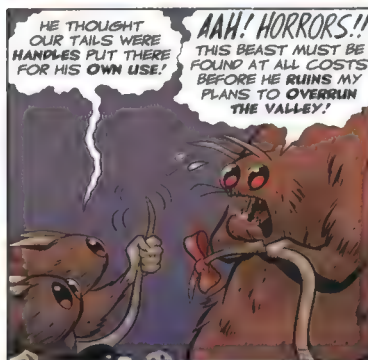
# THE LOST TALE OF BIG JOHNSON BONE



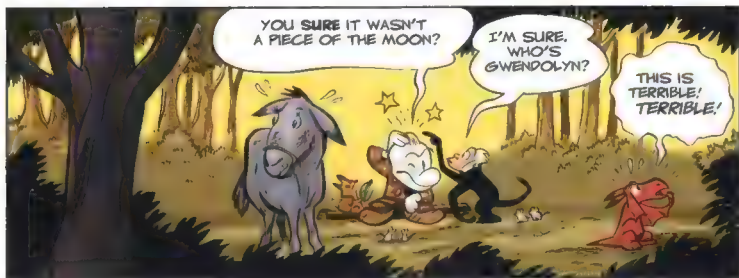




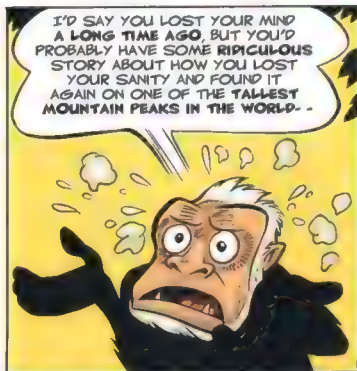
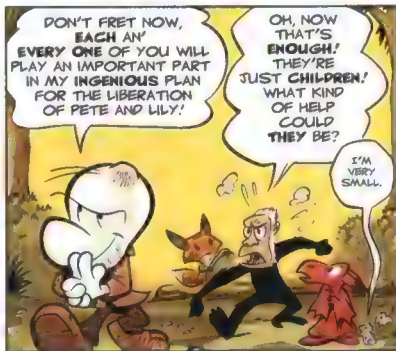
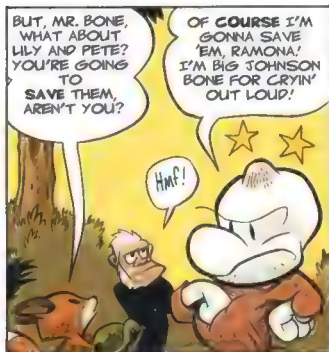
# THE LOST TALE OF BIG JOHNSON BONE

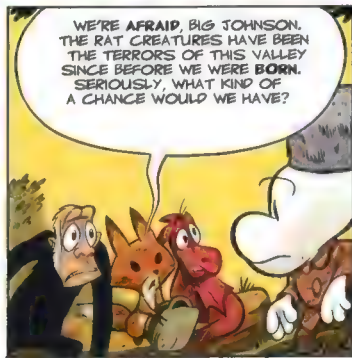
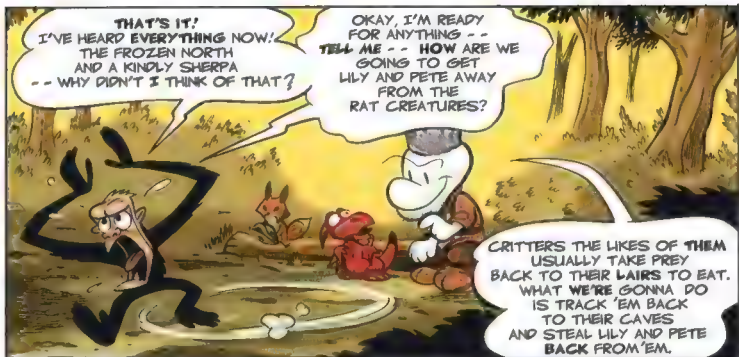






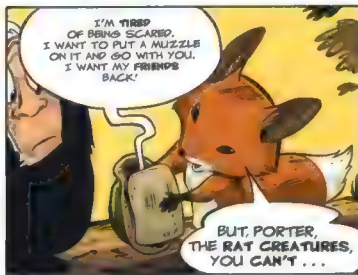
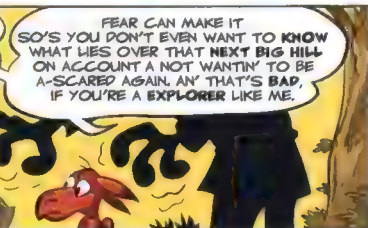
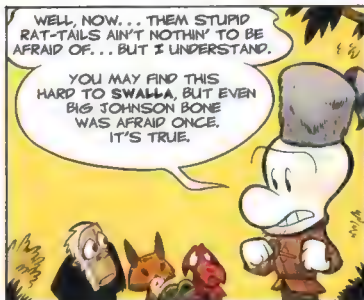
# THE LOST TALE OF BIG JOHNSON BONE



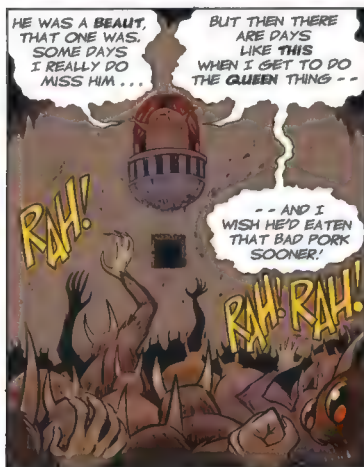


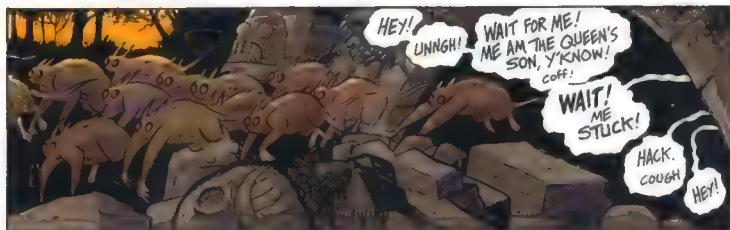
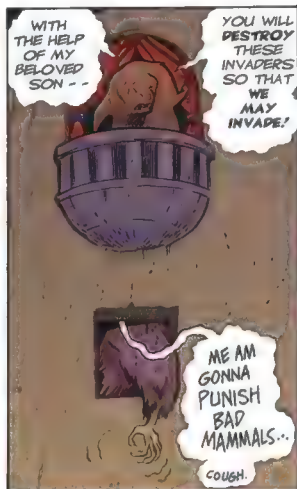


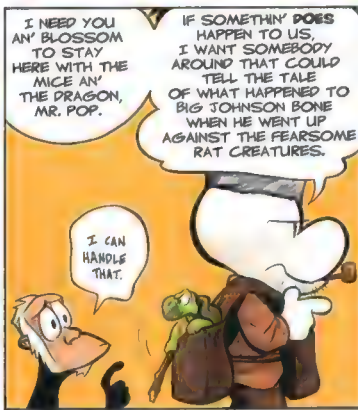
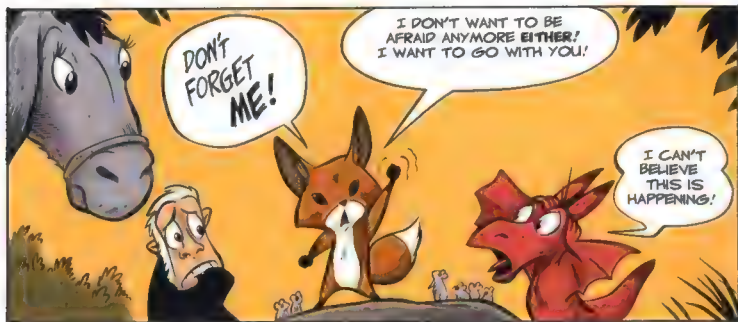
# THE LOST TALE OF BIG JOHNSON BONE

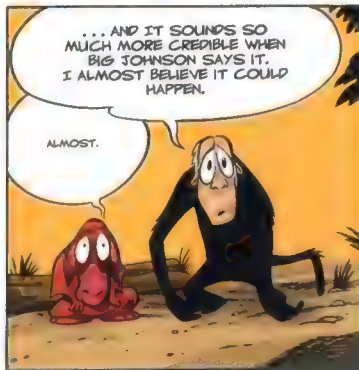
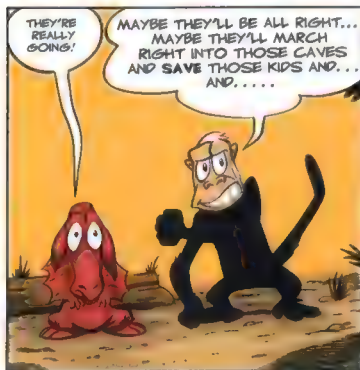
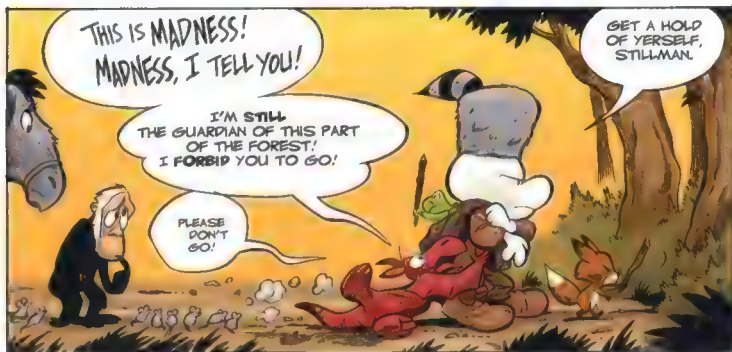






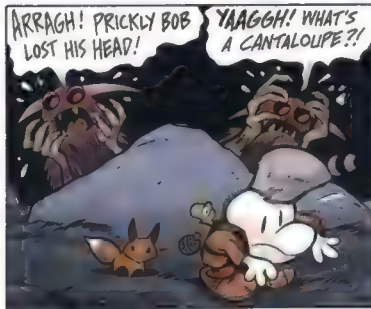






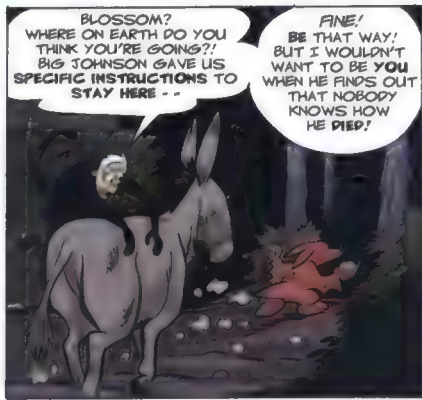
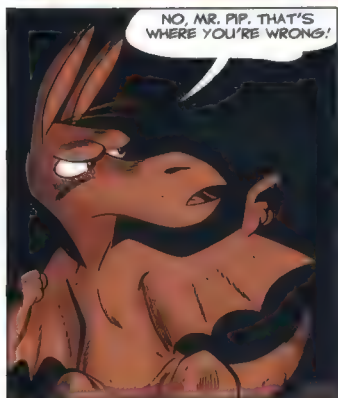




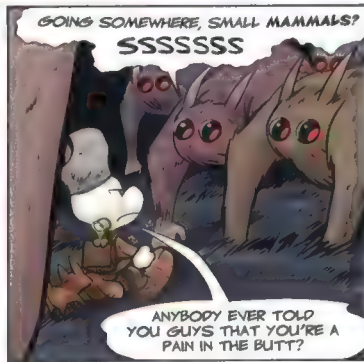
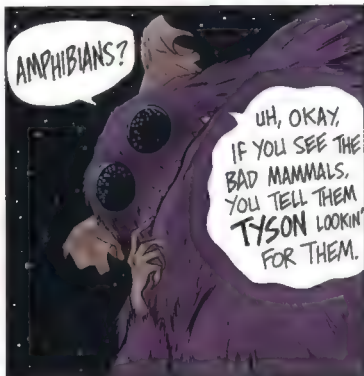
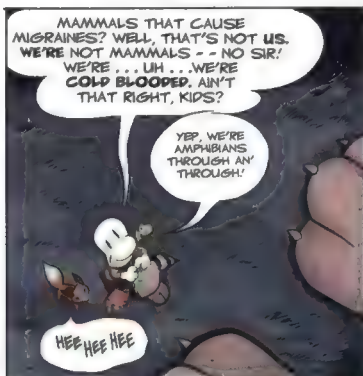


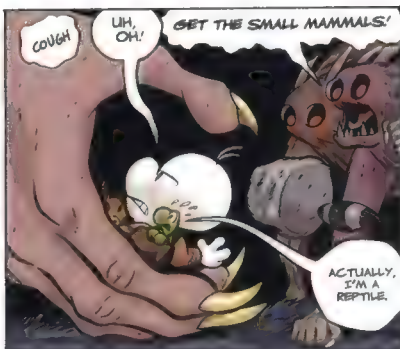


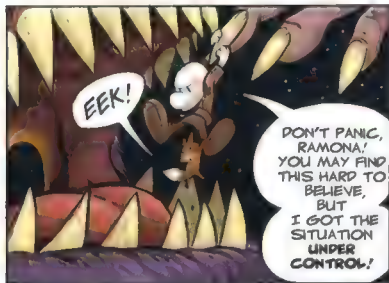
# THE LOST TALE OF BIG JOHNSON BONE











The Lost Tale  
of **BIG  
JOHNSON**

**BONE**

oooh

Tummy...

Tummy  
UPSET!

JUST  
LOOK AT YOU!  
FROM THE LOOKS OF  
YOUR FLACCID TAIL  
I WOULD GUESS  
THAT YOU ATE SOMETHING  
AND YOU DIDN'T CHEW!

**SQUIRGLE!  
GURGLE!...**

HOW MANY TIMES  
DOES MOMMY HAVE TO  
TELL YOU NOT  
TO GULP YOUR FOOD?!

MOVE! THE QUEEN WANTS  
A WORD WITH YOU PATHETIC  
PRISONERS BEFORE YOU MEET  
YOUR MOST HORRIBLE END!

THIS IS  
ALL MY FAULT...  
HOW COULD I LET  
THE KIDS AND  
BIG JOHNSON  
BONE  
GET EATEN?

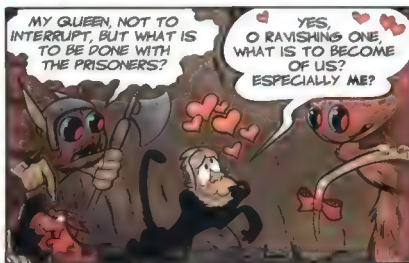
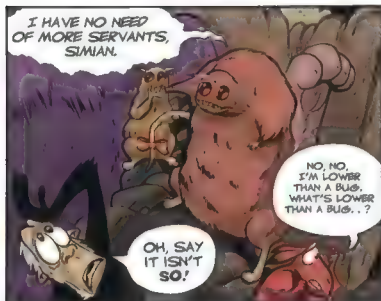
YES,  
QUITE HORRIBLE...  
I WONDER IF THEY  
COULD USE A  
CHEF OF  
SOME KIND?  
I MAKE A MEAN  
STROGANOFF,  
IF I DO SAY SO  
MYSELF.

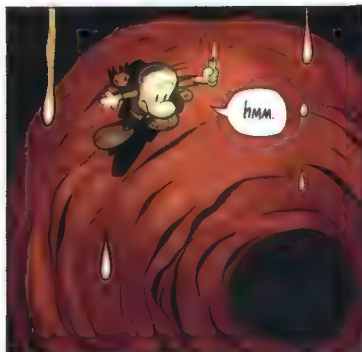
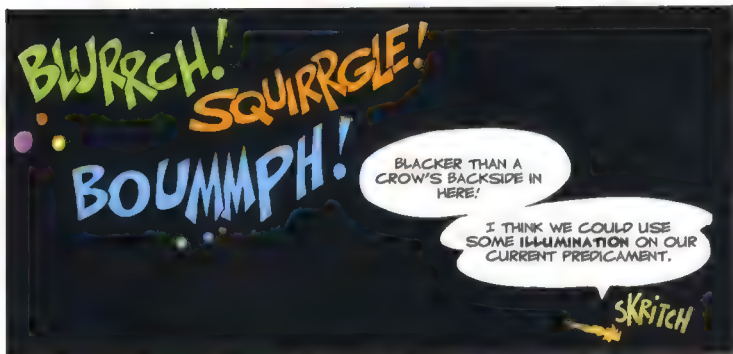
THE PRISONERS,  
MY QUEEN --  
AND NOTICE THAT ONE  
IS A **DRAGON**.

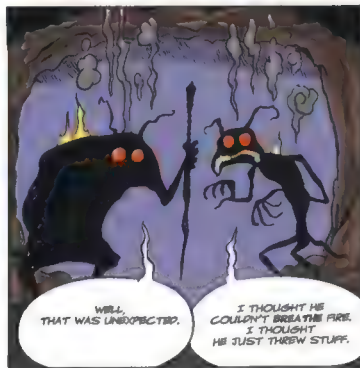
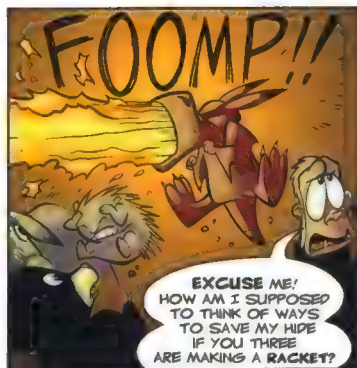
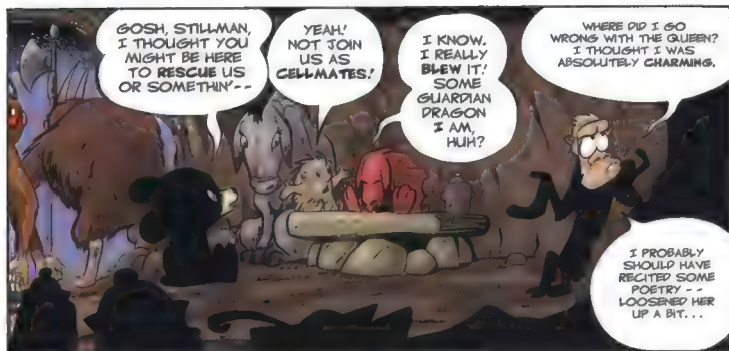
DRAGON?  
MORE LIKE A MOUSE  
-- NO -- A TERNY,  
TINY BUG  
THAT'S SCARED  
OF DIRT.

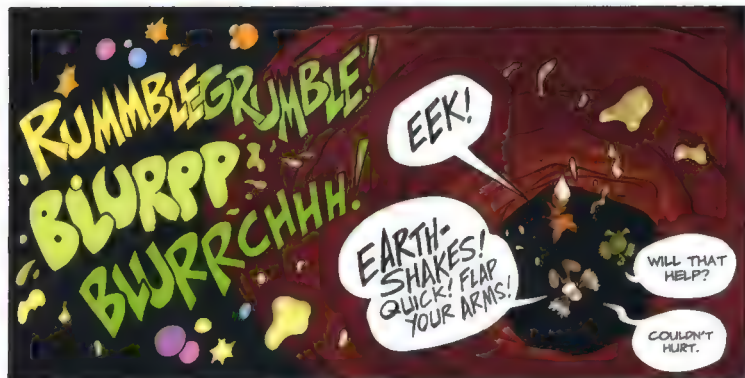
AND I,  
O VISION OF RADIANCE,  
AM MR. PIP,  
A LOVESTRUCK SIMIAN  
WHO WOULD BE HONORED  
IF HE WERE ALLOWED  
TO SERVE YOU  
IN SOME WAY.



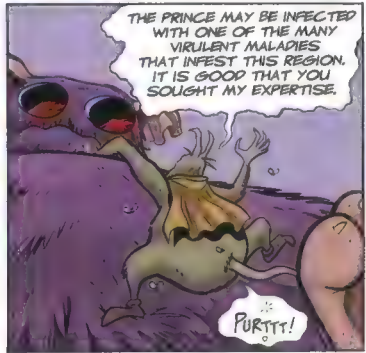








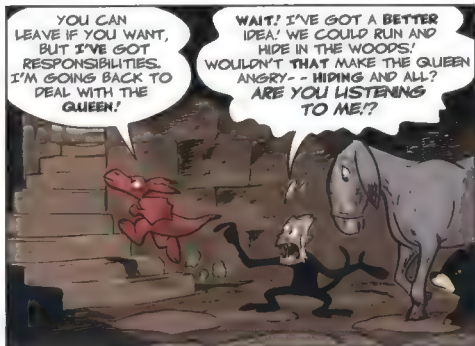






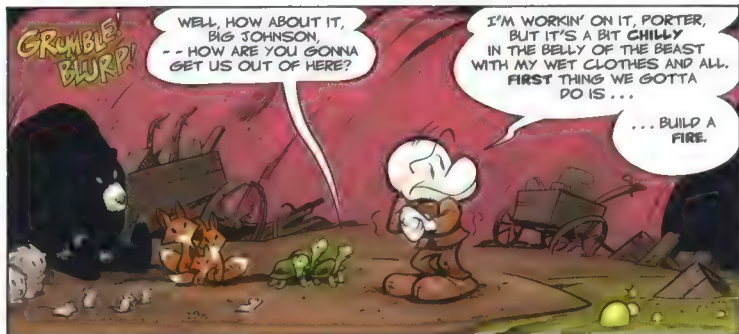


# THE LOST TALE OF BIG JOHNSON BONE



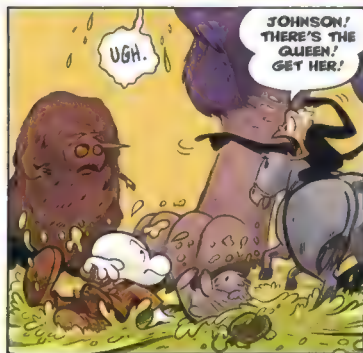




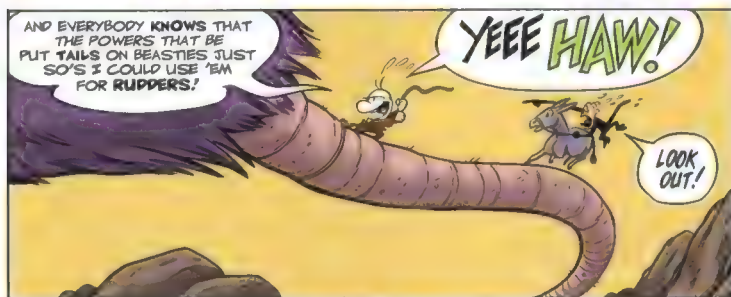


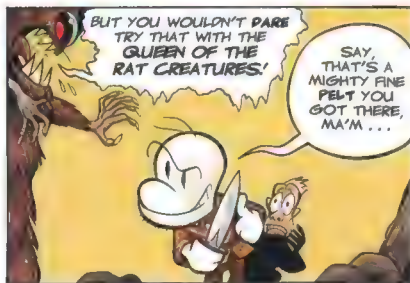
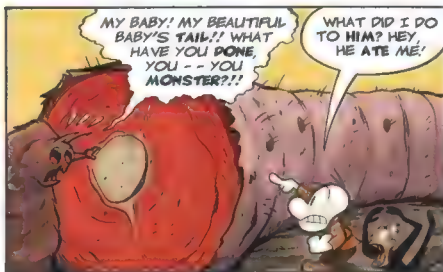










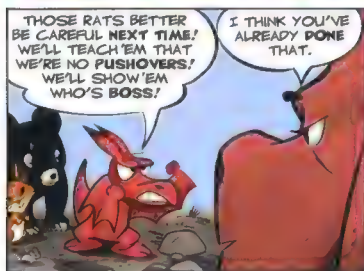


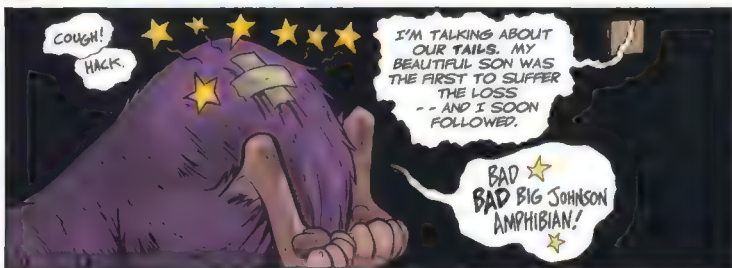
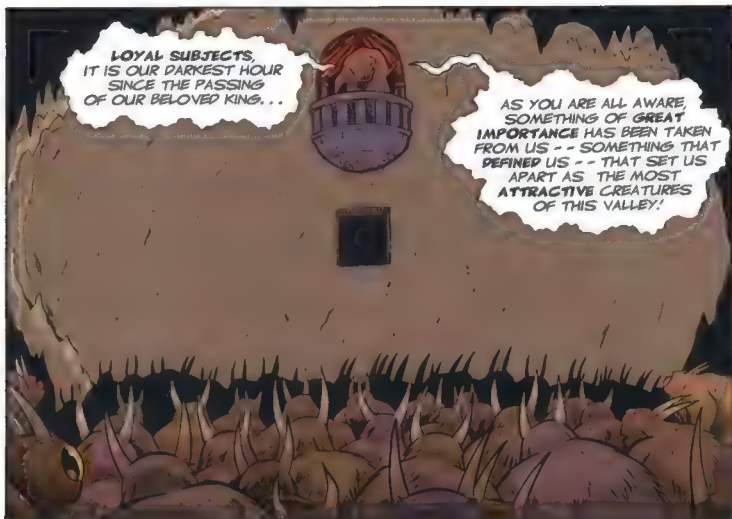


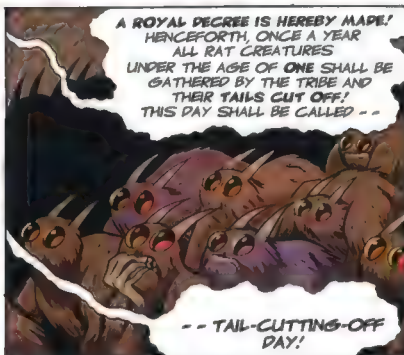
# THE LOST TALE OF BIG JOHNSON BONE

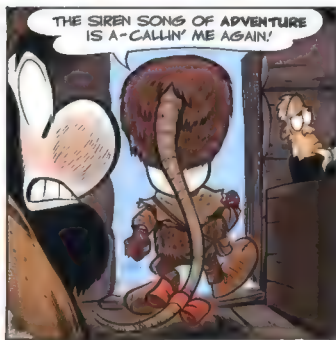




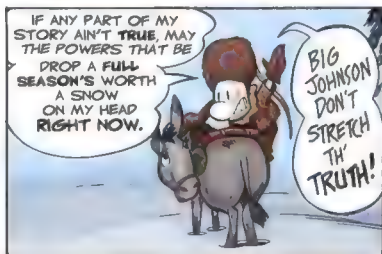
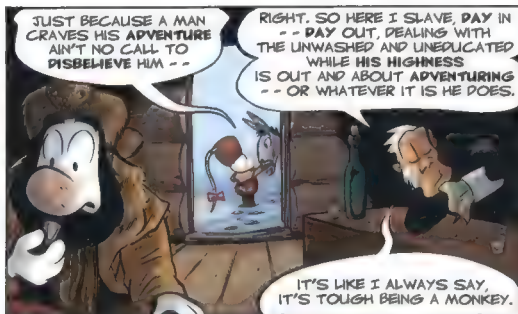




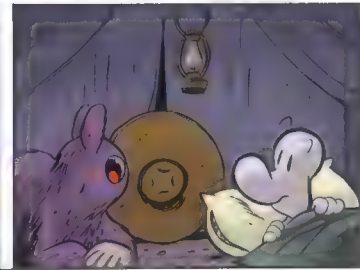
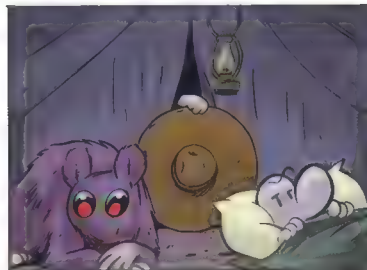
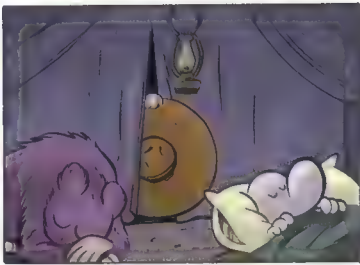
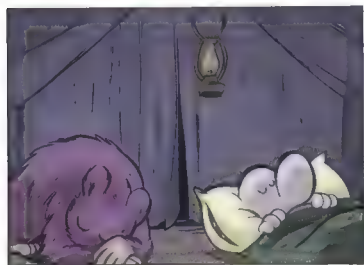




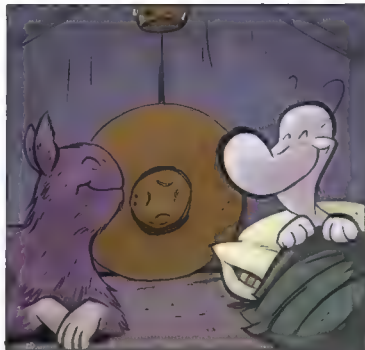
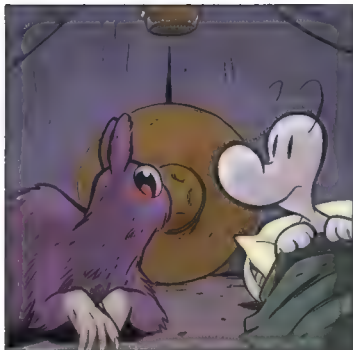




# THE LOST TALE OF BIG JOHNSON BONE



## TALL TALES









# QUEST FOR THE SPARK

## BOOK ONE

Return to the amazing world of *BONE* in Book One  
of the brand-new trilogy written by Tom Sniegoski  
and illustrated in full color by Jeff Smith.

Turn the page for a special sneak peek!



A weakened sun dawned feebly in the eastern sky, its golden rays trapped by ominous gray clouds. There wasn't the slightest chance of sunlight reaching and warming the Kingdom of Atheia far below.

Gran'ma Ben awoke with a start, that terrible gitchy feeling that made her head swim and her legs wobble rousing her from a restless sleep. This wasn't good — not good at all.

She'd had this feeling off and on for most of her life, the first time when she was just a little girl and Princess of Atheia. She later became Queen, but then she gave up the crown to move to the Valley and raise her granddaughter, Thorn.

*There's nothing worse than starting a day off with the gitchy feeling,* she thought, throwing back the covers and pulling on her robe against the chill that filled her

bedroom. It was an omen of bad things to come. She could spend the whole day just waiting for something to happen, and it always did. The gitchy feeling was never wrong.

And this time, Gran'ma didn't have long to wait.

She stood in front of the window in the royal castle, the damp wind tousling her white hair, and took note of the heavy sky. That was when she heard the scream, high pitched and filled with fear.

Gran'ma Ben tore from her room out into the castle hallway, eyes squinting through the early morning dimness as she searched for the source of such a horrible sound. The scream came again, and she found herself growing afraid as she ran toward it, for the scream was coming from the royal bedchamber.

From Queen Thorn's room.

Not bothering to knock, Gran'ma Ben threw open the door and charged inside. The Queen's handmaiden, Prissy, stood beside the large bed, her eyes wide and swollen with terror.

Queen Thorn lay in the center of the grand mattress, the sheets and blankets rumpled at her feet.

"What is it, Pris?" Gran'ma asked.

"I heard her cry out," Prissy said, her voice trembling. "I thought she was having a nightmare."

Queen Thorn, held firmly in the grip of sleep, moaned as her head thrashed from side to side upon her pillow.

"Looks like she still is," Gran'ma Ben said. She reached down to gently grab hold of her granddaughter's foot. Her toes were cold, like pieces of ice.

"Thorn, honey, wake up." She gave the girl's foot a shake. "It's all right, you're having a bad dream. . . . Time to wake up." The Queen moaned all the louder, whimpering pathetically.

"Thorn?" Gran'ma called again, raising her voice. She squeezed the girl's toes enough to hurt.

But still the Queen remained asleep.

"Do you see?" Prissy asked in a frightened whisper. "I tried to wake her, too . . . but she won't wake up."

Queen Thorn groaned and began to tremble with what could have been the cold, or something worse.

This was the kind of thing that Gran'ma Ben had always been afraid of, the kind of thing that she had hoped to protect her grandchild from when she'd whisked her away to hide in the Valley. But fate had a way of tracking you — like a bloodhound on a scent — and it found them, disrupting the peace that they'd had for so long.

Gran'ma reached down to the foot of the bed and pulled the covers up and over her sleeping grandchild, just as her own head began to swim and her legs began to wobble again.

It was an omen of bad things to come.

And the gitchy feeling was never wrong.





# QUEST FOR THE SPARK

## BOOK ONE

In the Quest for the Spark adventure you'll meet:

**TOM ELM**, a turnip farmer's son from the Valley who just might be destined for something greater. . . .

**PERCIVAL F. BONE**, explorer extraordinaire who loves the smell of adventure – and has a pretty cool airship!

**BARCLAY AND ABBEY BONE**, Percival's nephew and niece who can't seem to get along – or stay out of trouble.

**RANDOLF CLEARMEADOW**, a former Veni Yan warrior who still knows his stuff. . . .

And don't forget Gran'ma Ben, Queen Thorn, the two stupid, stupid Rat Creatures, and Roderick the raccoon, who are all back from the original *BONE* series!

Coming February 2011





## **ABOUT JEFF SMITH**

**JEFF SMITH** was born and raised in the American Midwest and learned about cartooning from comic strips, comic books, and watching animated shorts on TV. After four years of drawing comic strips for The Ohio State University's student newspaper and cofounding Character Builders animation studio in 1986, Smith launched the comic book *BONE* in 1991. Between *BONE* and other comics projects, Smith spends much of his time on the international guest circuit promoting comics and the art of graphic novels. Visit him online at [www.boneville.com](http://www.boneville.com).

## **ABOUT TOM SNIEGOSKI**

**TOM SNIEGOSKI** is the author of more than two dozen novels, including *The Fallen*, a teen fantasy quartet that was adapted into an ABC Family Channel miniseries, and the *Billy Hooten: Owlboy* books. With Christopher Golden, he coauthored the *OutCast* series, which is in development as a film at Universal. Sniegowski was born and raised in Massachusetts, where he still lives with his wife and their Labrador retriever. Visit him online at [www.sniegowski.com](http://www.sniegowski.com).

"One of the ten greatest graphic novels of all time!"  
 — **TIME** magazine



Check out the **BONE Handbook**,  
 the ultimate guide for every **BONE** fan!

## TALL TALES

### COMPANION TO THE EPIC BONE SAGA

Long before the Bone cousins were ever lost in the uncharted forest of the Valley, Big Johnson Bone, the discoverer of the Rolling Bone River, founded Boneville. But little is known of the mighty explorer's adventures before he started his famous trading post. So when Smiley sits down with a group of young scouts to retell the legendary stories of Boneville's origins, what they hear are wild antics complete with Rat Creatures, Dragons, and a snarky little monkey!



An Imprint of

**SCHOLASTIC**

[www.scholastic.com](http://www.scholastic.com)

Visit the **GRAPHIX** site at  
[www.scholastic.com/graphix](http://www.scholastic.com/graphix)

Cover art © 2010 by Jeff Smith  
 \$10.99 US / \$13.99 CAN

ISBN 978-0-545-14096-6

